Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that same villaine,
For tis a damned slaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipster gets my sword:
But why should honour out-liue honesty?
Let it goe all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady?
Harke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in musicke; *Willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, she was chast, she lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my soule to blisse as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*

Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of *Spaine*, the Isebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I must come forth. *Gra. within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh: I haue seene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop: but O vaine boast,
Who can controule his fate? tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you doe see me weapon'd;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my vtmost saile.
Doe you goe backe dismaid? tis a lost feare,
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* goe?
How dost thou looke now? O ill star'd wench,
Pale as thy smocke; when we shall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my soule from heauen,
And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,

Euen

Euen like thy chastity: O cursed slaue:
Whip me you deuills,
From the possession of this heauenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,
Wash me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Desdemona, Desdemona*; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, *and officers*,
Cassio *in a chaire*

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villaine forth. *to Iago*

Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou beest a deuill I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him. *Disarm the Moore*

Iag. I bleed sir, but not kil'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my sense tis happinesse to dye.

Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,
Falne in the practise of a damned slaue,
What should be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing.
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. I.

Ca. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cause.

Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon;
Will you I pray, demaund that demy deuill,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body?

Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;
From this time forth I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doest best.

Lod. Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
Which, as I think you know not: here is a letter,

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